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they came sufficiently near to hear what was said, curses and execrations were liberally bestowed both on herself and those who had confined her in that apartment. She distinguished the voice of Jones, exclaiming, as they passed in consultation under the tree—

"I wash my hands of it, Mother Beldrum. I knabbed her—I brought her here, and gave her to those cursed jades that could not keep the bird in the hand—so Judy don't be bothering me—we may catch her yet, woman—she can't be gone far."

Judy broke into furious reproaches against the other women, who returned her abuse, by saying she deserved it all for being so close, and not letting them into all the ins and outs of the cave. The vocal storm raged more and more fiercely, and from words they proceeded to "deeds of arms." Jones now interposed his authority, and commanded peace, reminding the fair combatants that they were losing time, and that they had better disperse and continue their search, that Sally must be near at hand.

"But what good is in that," said Mother Beldrum, in her sharp, shrill tones, "if she were even under our feet: there are twenty holes she could hide in, and we never the wiser—so we lost pretty Peggy."

"Aye," said another, "but if we did, she could run like a deer, and had light to run too."

"Beware," said Jones, in an elevated tone, "how you provoke me by referring to by-gones. Search away, for as the dawn comes on we have no business here. To-morrow is the fair of A——, and the cattle will soon pass. Hush! I hear a noise—could they be coming already?"

"What is worse," said Judy, "the sky is getting some-ways reddish—look here, and there, and everywhere for her."

"Shall we blow out the lights?" asked one of the party—"the light shows far."

"Tush! you fool," said Jones, "are we not near the fairy mount—they will think the fairies are dancing if they see the lights, and won't like to interrupt them. I only fear the cattle—they will push on right a head, and the drovers must follow."

Shortly afterwards Sally heard a distant bellowing—it soon afterwards struck Jones."

"Aye," said the robber, "it is as I said—here are the drovers. Quick, quick—search those bushes and this dry dyke, and then back with us, and there's an end to it."

The search continued till the noise of the cattle became so distinct that the gang feared detection, and, cursing their bad luck, they went off.

Sally still remained in the tree, in violent agitation, dreading their return; but these painful moments were soon ended. The dawn rapidly advanced, so as to enable Sally to distinguish objects, and, to her great comfort, she recognised amongst the foremost drovers a cousin, to whom she imparted her situation, and placed herself under his care. He restored her to Mr. Stewart that evening, who rewarded her by marriage for her sufferings in his cause. The gang of freebooters quitted their retreat, and, though it was explored, they left no clue by which they could be traced.

In childhood I have often wandered over the scene of the above tale, and was shown the wreck of the fine tree that had sheltered Sally Mac Donald.

HIBERNICUS.

AN ANECDOTE.

The celebrated Bentley, when in France, went to visit the Countess of Ferrers, then on a party of pleasure at Paris. He found with her so large a party that he was quite embarrassed how to behave, what to say, or what countenance to show. Soon tired of this painful situation, which he much felt, he retired as awkwardly as he entered. So soon as he was gone, Lady Ferrers was asked, who that man was they all thought so ridiculous, and on whom every one had something to say and to remark. "He is so learned a man," replied Lady Ferrers, "that he can tell you in Greek and Hebrew what a chair is, but does not know how to sit on one."

SECRET CORRESPONDENCE.

A young lady, newly married, being obliged to show her husband all the letters she wrote, sent the following to an intimate friend:

"I cannot be satisfied, my Dearest Friend! blest as I am in the matrimonial state, unless I pour into your friendly bosom which has ever beat in unison with mine, the various sentiments which swell with the liveliest emotions of pleasure, my almost bursting heart. I tell you my dear husband is the most amiable of men. I have now been married seven weeks, and have never found the least reason to repent the day that joined us. My husband is both in person and manners far from resembling ugly, cross, old, disagreeable, and jealous monsters, who think by confining to secure; a wife it is his maxim to treat as a bosom friend, - - - - - and not as a play-thing, or menial slave, the woman of his choice - - - - - Neither party, he says, should always obey implicitly, but each yield to the other by turns. An ancient maiden aunt, near seventy, a cheerful, venerable, and pleasant old lady lives in the house with us—she is the delight of both young and old; she is civil to all the neighbourhood round, generous and charitable to the poor. I am convinced my husband likes nothing more than he does me; he flatters me more than the glass, and his intoxication, (for so I must call the excess of his love), often makes me blush for the unworthiness of its object, and wish I could be more deserving of the man whose name I bear. To say all in one word - - - - - and to crown the whole, - - - - - my former lover is now my indulgent husband, my fondness is returned, and I might have had a Prince without the felicity I find in him. Adieu! may you be as blest as I am unable to wish that I could be more happy!"

N. B.—The key to the above letter (in ciphers) is to read the first, and then every alternate line only.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF BENEFICENCE.

An inhabitant of a burgh of the circle of Ertysburgh, a mountainous country, more liable to a scarcity of provisions than other cantons of the electorate of Saxony, found himself, after supporting his family on a small provision of oats, reduced to the utmost misery, by a baker's refusing to supply him with bread, unless he was paid nine crowns that he owed him. The wretch, thus brought to a state of despair, repaired to a neighbouring wood, where he stopt a pedlar, who, without defending himself, delivered his purse that contained twenty-one crowns; the robber would not keep more than his necessities required, and returned the remainder, beseeching the traveller to come with him to his habitation, to be a witness of the cause that urged him to robbery, which might, perhaps, plead his pardon. The pedlar complied, entered the hut, and found there the peasant's wife and children in a deplorable situation; struck with compassion, he insisted on giving them all his money, and only regretted that he had not sufficient to leave them to prevent future want.

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